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THE HYMN OF WEEPING.

(From the Neilah Service of the Day of Atonement.

By Amittai. End of eleventh century.)

"The Lord, the Lord, a God full of compassion and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy and truth ; keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and acquitting. . . . And pardon our iniquity and our sin, and take us for thine inheritance¹."

LORD, I remember, and am sore amazed²

To see the cities stand in haughty state,
And God's own city to the low grave razed ;
Yet in all time we look to thee and wait.

Spirit of mercy ! rise in might ! awake !

Plead to thy Master in our mournful plaint,
And crave compassion for thy people's sake ;
Each head is weary, and each heart is faint.

I rest upon my pillars—Love and grace,

Upon the flood of ever-flowing tears ;

I pour out prayer before his searching face,
And through the fathers' merit lull my fears.

O thou who hearest weeping, healest woe !

Our tears within thy vase of crystal store³ ;
Save us ; and all thy dread decrees forgo,
For unto thee our eyes turn evermore.

NINA DAVIS.

¹ Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7, 9.

² Ps. lxxvii. 3.

³ Ps. lvi. 8.